Under Fire

By Richard Parker

Based on the drams of Roi Cooper Megrue

"UNDER COVER" and Co-Author of "IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE"

CHAPTER XIX.-Continued.

nasty smile. He adopted the pose of forgetting the revolver in Captain Redmond's hand. And he moved, tenta- march against Paris while Von Kluck the room, inform Major von Brenig hidden. tively, to see what would happen. He is flanking us from Tournay and Le that I alone, single-handed, have capfound out quickly.

"I wouldn't move if I were you," Larry told him sharply.

"No?" Streetman inquired with a out that when someone enters this

"When someone does, if you say one word, or do one thing, I'll kill you-so help me God I will!" Larry promised him.

But the threat was far from alarming the fellow.

"Afterward, you and the lady will follow me," he pointed out to his till I was stopped. . . . You must Lorde. enemy.

"Perhaps!" Larry granted. "But you'll go first. Remember that! If

robbed her!" "It was a way to serve my country and my country is above all. For noth-

ing else do I care," he announced piously.

to ineffable scorn. "Why, he isn't a German!" she and she left him. scoffed. "He's a Russian in the German pay."

"A Russian, ch?" said Larry.

ed. "I am loyal to Germany." "So you're a traitor, too-a traitor trance, to your own country!" Larry taunted him. "A renegade! Why, you're a disgrace even to that uniform. You've got a yellow streak. Strassman, and that's what'll save us."

The telephone sergeant stepped inlate command. Streetman was between the fellow and Larry. And the soldier did not see Captain Redmond's he asked the sergeant. revolver.

"It is fifteen minutes-" be began. But Streetman gave him no time to fin-

"Sergeant!" he exclaimed eagerly. "Remember, you go first," Larry warned him to an undertone. And to the "noncom" he said, "You've inter rupted us, sergeant, on some important business. There have been no messages."

The sergeant saluted and retired.

"Yes, Captain Karl," he had said as be turned.

"So you are Captain Kari!" Streetman gasped. He wondered what further revelations would take place.

"Now hand over your military papers!" Larry ordered him.

"I will not!" "Yes, you will! A German would rather die than betray his country to the enemy, but you're not a German, you dirty coward. You're not man enough to stand up and take your

medicine. Come on?" After that Streetman reached for his papers. But Larry stopped him suddenly. He reflected that possibly the

fellow carried another revolver. "No. on second thought, I'll get 'em myself," he said. And he quickly appropriated Streetman's treasured documents. Among them be found a map of the British intrenchments,

"You've marked Trench 27!" Larry exclaimed. "What mischlef have you afoot for Trench 27?"

Streetman dived for Larry then. But Captain Redmond was ready for him. He threw the unhappy rascal into a chair. And thereupon Streetman thought better of his intentions. Handing the revolver to Ethel, Larry bade her keep their prisoner covered. And then the resourceful Irishman pro--ceeded to bind his captive.

"When someone comes in to find me like this, what do you think will happen to you?" Streetman snarled.

"Nothing!" was the captain's blithe answer. "For I'll be proving with my own English papers I'll say I found on you, that you're an English spy, and that I captured you for the father-

"You dog!" the other cried. He wa thoroughly alarmed now, as he saw the plausibility of the Irishman's ruse.

"'Tis best you don't talk too much, either," Larry cautioned him humorously. And he proceeded to gag the belpless man. Then, to Ethel's surprise, no less than the renegade Ruscian's, he opened the trapdoor and dragged Streetman, whom he had tled. seated, to the chair, across the room toward the stairs that led to the wine cellar. It was only a few seconds' work to lower his victim to the bottom of the short flight. As the chair bumped from step to step, Larry could not refrain from a parting jest. "Tis many a long day. I'll warrant, since you rode in a jaunting car," he remarked.

CHAPTER XX.

Little Jeanne Squares Accounts. With the venomous Streetman safely disposed of, Captain Redmond swiftly shuffled through the packet of papers be had fiched from the fellow.

"Ah! His pass!" he exclaimed joy

documents. "The crown prince is to "And as soon as Captain Karl leaves

"It means everything if we can only sarcastic smile. "Permit me to point let the British know," she answered. "Now take his car that's outsideyou must know how to drive it." Larry said. "His pass will get you through

> to Tourville." "Oh, Larry! Come with me!" She could not bear the thought of

leaving him. "The pass says 'For bearer! 'Tis no

go alone—for England? he urged her. "Then I've got to," she said. "That's the brave girl!" he praised they find me in this uniform, I'm done her warmly. "And listen! At Tour-

for anyhow, so I've nothing to lose, ville go to the mayor's house. Walt You have. You don't want to for me. Somehow tonight under cover die. You're a coward or you wouldn't of darkness I'll manage to get there have treated her like that-cheated, to you, and there we'll find the English mouthed. ines together. . . . Now, hurry." he added. "For every second counts for England."

His hypocritical answer roused Ethel fleeting look into his honest, loving were all that interested him at the moeyes. Then he opened the door for her ment

> Captain Redmond, as he turned view of her departure away from him, slipped in by means of another en- you seem to think," he told Streetman

Larry told him there had been no messages, and a look of vast relief ing outside. There followed the notes chance." of a born, which grew rapidly fainter. side the door, in obedience to Larry's And he knew then that Ethel had made her escape unhindered.

"Do you know which is my room?"

The fellow told him; and Larry was on the point of leaving him when Lieutenant Baum brought word that Major von Brenlg wished to see Captain Karl at once.

"Any news, sergeant?" the licutenant inquired, after Larry had gone. "None, Herr Lieutenant."

"What is that?" Baum asked presently A curious, persistent tapping caught their attention, coming, apparently, from beneath their feet. "Why-it is the code." the sergeant

excinimed. What does it say?" Baum contin-

The sergeant listened intently, while

he spelled out the signal. "Help!" he interpreted.



The Whole Plan Against the British Army!"

tenant said contemptuously. And their interest ceased for the time being. But soon the glert ear of the sergeant heard

something that startled him. "It is from one of our men," he declared, as the tapping continued. "He tured you, Captain Karl." has the password."

"Then open the door, quickly!" Baum commanded. The sergeant obeyed, and, looking throat.

down into the cellar he cried: "Gott in Himmel! It is Herr Captain Strassman, bound and gagged!" In a few moments they had released

Streetman. "I was taken at a great disadvantage and unexpectedly attacked by an Englishman," Streetman told them, in little Belgian girl. Hurriedly be diresponse to their anxious questioning, rected her to go to Tourville, where "Have either ot you seen Captain

Katir "He is with Major von Break." utenini . iam repiled.

Cateau. If they succeed, it will clear tured an English spy." Already Street

Before executing his errand Lieutenant Baum-at Streetman's requesthanded his revolver to the spy from the Wilhelmstrasse.

"Sergeant-send for a military automobile. Have it come here at once. 1 have a little matter at Tourville to attend to, personally," Streetman said. As he lay bound in the cellar he had heard almost every word of Larry's good for two. I'd not get twenty yards instructions to the pseudo Madame de

"Your hands up this time!" Street man snapped the moment Captain Redmond stepped inside the public room of the Lion d'Or.

Larry obeyed with lightning alac rity. And he gazed at Streetman open

"How the devil did you get loose he asked.

"You are going to die, my friend. There was no time even for the the other said. He was in no mood shortest goodby. But Ethel took one for footless explanations. Essentials

"Well, go ahead, and hurry!" Larry said somewhat bitterly. It was hard away from the door that shut even the to lose, when he had come so near to winning the game. "Tis not so pleas-"What if I am?" Streetman retort- found that the German sergeant had ant standin here waitin for death as But his enemy was not yet ready.

"No, you shall not die as a soldler but as a spy," he threatened. "I could came over the gallant Irishman's face have shot you as you came in that as he heard the cough of a motor start- door, but I wanted to give you

"This is a hell of a chance!" Larry reforted.

"At least your information w never reach the English," Streetman Informed him. "I have sent for a no-tor and I shall find the lady of Tour- But he could only mutter a few disville. And as you die, I want you to take with you the thought that not only has that lady-"

What taunt lay upon the fellow's lips Larry never knew. For the moment, Captain Redmond forgot his own danger as he caught sight of a small, light figure that crept up behind Streetman. It was Jeanue Christophe- but tend to let their quarry escape. And not the quaint little Jeanne whom they at once rushed out of the inn Charlie Brown had known. Paic intense, silent, she stole up to Streetman like some avenging fate. In her Captain Redmond picked up the telewas already raised when Larry gave tried so mannecessfully to use. a smothered shout.

hind you!" be called.

complacently.

swered. "I do not take my eyes from

Something stayed Jeanne's hand even as it lingered in the air. Perhaps she qualled at the thought of what she was about to do. Perhans it was that she paused to gleat over her vic- threw open the door and saluted. tim.

"My God, girl! What are you doing? No-not like that! Give him a chance!" Larry begged her. But little Jeanne did not seem to hear him.

Very dramatic." Streetman said with a contemptuous curl of his ilp. He was positive that Larry was shamming.

And then Jeanne Christophe struck. With all her strength size sheathed the knife in Streetman's back.

He gave one group and toppled forward upon the floor at Larry's feet -What have you done?" Larry cried,

horrified at the tragedy. Little Jeanne was quite calm. She was no longer frightened. Something akin to an ecstasy filled her with a strange elation. Her great eyes seemed not to see Captain Redmond. And with her white, pathetic face raised

beavenward she said-"He killed my father. life for a life! . . . Father, you are avenged."

Larry took one swift look at that figure haddled upon the floor. Streetman had not moved.

"Hurry, girl, hurry! They'll shoot you!" he said. Her answer filled him with amaze

"No, m'sieu, they will not," she told him. "They will think you did it. I soldier to inform them that he has cap-

"And the giri-dld he tell him about the girl at Tourville?" Larry asked her, while a horrid fear clutched his

"No m'sten-be did not. He had

sent for an automobile to go there. He would attend to that matter himself." Captain Redmond breathed a prayer of thanksgiving. Ethel was still safe. Jeanne Christophe urged him to hide. But Larry's first thoughts were of the Madame de Lorde would aid her. "Tell said, "but to go on slone." Even as watted.

he spoke be beard footsteps. "Say !

ously. And then he gave an exclama- A sinister gleam came into Street have escaped—that I went that way!" "What a delightful triangle we preders!" he exulted. "The whole plan against the British army!" Larry said once. Say that someone is here with from that in which Tourville lay. Then "Lieutenant, go to Captain Karl at the road-in the opposite direction breathlessly as he scanned one of the a message from Tourville," he said. Captain Redmond crouched behind the counter, where Ethel had successfully

When the major and his men found the stricken spy in a heap on the floor the road to Paris. . . Do you see man was gloating over his intended rewhat it means?" he asked Ethel. prisal. She came into the room another officer she came into the room another officer had pulled out a knife and stabbed Streetman.

The man was not dead. As his friends bent over him he raised himself on his elbow and tried to speak.



He Gave One Groan and Toppled For-

connected words.

"The English spy? Where did be go?" Von Brenig asked him. By a mighty effort Streetman man-

aged to answer him. "Tourville!" he said. The Germans lost no time in calling out the guard. They did not in-

and harried down the street. Finding himself alone in the room. hand gleamed a long knife. And it phone -the instrument that Ethel had

"Hello, hello! This is Courvolater!" But Henry Streetman only smiled marching by the left fork, at midnight." He dropped the telephone "Oh, that is an old trick" he an- then. And he glanced at Streetman, who lay quite still. "Trench 27 ch?" Larry said reflectively. Already be was aftering his plans to suit the requirements of the occasion. Then his hand traveled swiftly to his revolver butt as a German soldier-chauffeur

"What is it?" Larry asked. "An officer here ordered an auto-

mobile. For whom is it?" "Ah, yes-it is for me," Captain Redmond said. He remembered then that Streetman had sent for a car, with the intention of following Ethel.

"To Tourville!" the driver inquired. as they both turned toward the door. "No! To the British lines!" the trishman answered. He sprang into the car. And the driver promptly engaged his clutch. "Drive like hell?" Captain Redwond cried.

The chauffour proceeded to follow those instructions so far as his limitations would allow him. With muffler wide open, they went tearing up the road

And back there in the Lione d'Or. Streetman struggled to rise. Falling that, he endeavored to drag himself to the door. But he was not equal to the ordeal. He could only murmur "Stop him! . Stop him!" in a weak voice. And since there was none to bear blin, he soon ceased his frantic efforts and lay quietly in the middle of the floor.

CHAPTER XXI.

An Interrupted Game of Cards.

While the oncoming borde of Germens had been pushing their way was there listening. He has sent a through Beiglum, smashing forts, burning villages, terrorizing the peaceloving inhabitants of that little country, the French and English had done what they could to prepare for the impending shock of the Teuton attack. The worst of it was, the Germans were ready, and the ailies were not. The British expeditionary force numbered but a handful of men, compared to the hosts from across the Rhine. But that "thin red line of 'eroes"only they were uniformed in khaki pow-set about its superhuman task with buildeg determination. They had swept out as far as they dared to mee, the laveder. And then they tomadame not to wait for me, Latas trenched themselves, and there they

(TO BE CONTINUED)



WHO WANTS OPEN BART

(Part only of verses by T. Watson in The Not they who live by honest work nd never would that duty at Which calls them from afar. would that duty shirk

Not they whose enterprise employs The skillful men and active boys Who knew each mast and spar-

Not they who on the hattlefield Are willing all they have to yield For truth's victorious star.

Not they who rightly live their lives And would not leave their sons and wive To bear oppression's scar.

It is not difficult to see Who liquor's advocates must be Who wander oft so far: No voter finds it hard today To tell the kind of men who say. We want the open bar.

STRONG FOR TEMPERANCE.

A well-known preacher riding in a London omnibus was entertained by a dialogue which was sustained upon the one side by the driver and upon the other by an elderly passenger. "I understand you're temperance?"

began the driver. "Yes, I'm pretty strong against liqnor," returned the other. "I've been

set against it now for 35 years." "Seared it will ruin your health?" "Yes, but that wasn't the main

thing." "Perhaps it doesn't agree with

you?" ventured the driver. "Well, it really don't agree with anybody. But that isn't it, either. The thing that sets me against it is a horrible idea."

"A horrible idea! What is it?" "Well 35 years ago I was sitting in a hotel in America with a friend of mine and I says, 'Let's order a bottle of something. And he says, 'No, sir. I'm saving 1 , money to buy the government land at 7s. and 6d. per acre. I'm going to buy tomorrow, and you'd better let me take the money you would have spent for House and buy a couple of acres along with mine. I says. 'All right.' So we didn't drink, and he bought me two acres.

"Well, sir, today those two acres are right in the middle of a flourishing GERMANY COULD BUILD SHIPS town, and if I'd ordered that bottle I'd have swallowed a city block, a grocery store, an apothecary's shop, four lawyer's offices, and it's hard to my what else. That's the idea. Ain't it horrible!"

ECONOMIC FOLLY.

'The Saloon is an Economic Folly and Must Go," is the slogan of a business men's league of Oakland, Cal., with a membership of over 500. A statement signed by the league to-

ciudes the following clames: "The liquor traffic exists at the ex-

pense of all other industries. "The revenue to the state, derived from liquor licenses, is everbalanced by losses to the state inseparable from

the use of liquor. "Its elimination is pool business be-"Look out, Streetman! Look out be- he said to the person who immediately enuse it will promote thrift, economy more and better wares.

We therefore favor the passage of total working force in all these parties either or both of the two proposed amendments affecting the liquor traffic, to be voted upon this fall by the electorate of California."

PERSONAL LIBERTY.

"In Chicago we hear much about personal liberty," says Mr. Fred Eherling, secretary of the Cooks' union-Chicago, "especially during campaigns. What do the brewers mean by personal liberty? The three big personal liberty gardens of this city have told the representatives of their employees that they will not deal with them except as individual employees while the browers belong to the Chicago liquor trust, an organization which wages war against organized labor. When a license was refused to one of these beer gardens, the cry for personal liberty was heard from the big liquor combine, but when seven days per week workers make a demand for union recognition these same people CTY 'aperchists."

COMMENDS PROHIBITION.

Samuel McRoberts, one of the vice presidents of the National City bank of New York, has been in Russia recently where he arranged a loan of \$50,000,000 to the Russian government. Mr. McRoberts says:

"Russia now offers a wonderful opportunity to American capital and business enterprise. The people of America do not appreciate the extent of the Russian market or Itussian resources, but should prepare now for great Russian trade after the war. I traveled for three days through territory as fertile as the best part of Iowa and Illinois. With vodka probibited and the war concluded. Russia will

ripen into prosperity."

BEER MORE NOXIOUS. Modern scientific research has shown that, contrary to general belief, beer is proportionately much more noxious than are wines or liquors, says Dr. Edwin F. Bowers in the American Magazine. The Bremen Anti-Alcohol congress, a conclave of many of the mefemous physicians in Europe, concluded that, while liquor makes a m utal and dulls his judg-maker him slow-witted and abolishes judgment, while wine or brandy, in sufficie -mantity, mates a man craty

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Plants Are Concerned 25 Could Be Under Erection According to an excellent naval critic. Bector C. Bywater, so far as building ways and construction prants are concerned, there is no reason why Germany could not have 35 battleships of battle erplaces under construction at

one and the same time. Though he admits that this figure may be astonishing, he shows that an exemination of the votious parits, government and private, in Germany Justifies the estimute. In fact, he goes further and states that, simultaneously, a program including light cruisers, destroyers and submarines could be put through, since there are many German pards which, nithough they cannot build capital answered him in French. "They're and prosperity. This will mean more ships, are well equipped to produce the lighter craft. He esti-

Demand for Participation.

at 100 000 man.

Why do women want to vote?" "Because" replied Miss Cuyenne, we want to find out by experience how men have managed to make so many political blunders. It's always caster to put up with mistakes when you've had a hand in making them gourself."

The United States in 1914 produced



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